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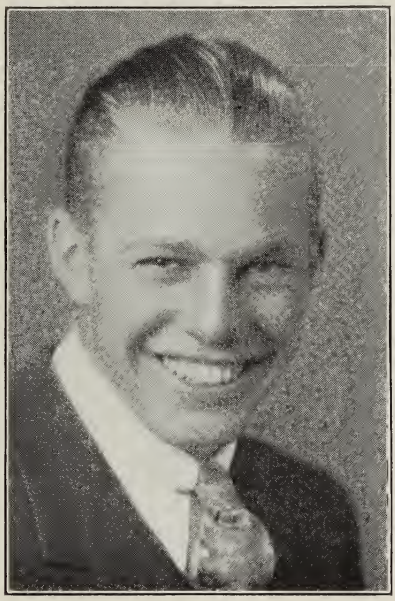

TO SELWYN CHIPMAN

Whose courage, honesty, and cheerful
willingness to co-operate made him
beloved of all who knew
him as "Chip."

Editorial Staff

Bottom Row: J. Bresnahan, J. Breen, R. Creelman, A. LaVoine, E. Stonefield, P. Jones.

Middle Row: V. Young, V. Vines, A. Stewart, B. Banner, B. Bartington, V. Stevens.

Top Row: R. Zucker, R. MacDonald, W. Sexton, W. Hendrickson, J. Steverman, G. Wilder.

CHIMES

Catherine Lonergan, '35

C is for courage, an asset we need,
H is for honesty, the best trait indeed,
I is for intelligence we all try to seek,
M is for misfortunes we never want to meet.
E is for ecstacy this little book imparts, and
S is for the sunshine it will bring into your hearts.

The Chimes

VOL. 11 **MAY 1935** **No. 1**

Published by the Students of the Scituate High School
Scituate, Massachusetts

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"OF THEE WE SING"

Rosemary Fortier

For centuries poets have sung the praise of their native lands. For centuries their names have been placed side by side with those of the soldiers and statesmen who have made history. There is something about a poem in honor of the fatherland that strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of the people. Every country has a favorite son who has immortalized his land. Every section of the United States has been so honored and most of the states. The town of Scituate is particularly fortunate in having its beauty and charm recorded in the unforgettable poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," by Samuel Woodworth.

While Washington was still the man of the hour and hoop skirts and powdered wigs were still in vogue, Samuel Woodworth first saw the light of day, on January 13, 1785. He was born in that part of Scituate known as the "Harbor." The site is now used as a gasoline filling station, the old home having been long since destroyed.

While he was still a young lad, the family moved to the Greenbush section. Here the family resided in the Northey homestead, a house erected by John Northey in 1676. Mr. Woodworth, Samuel's father) had married the widow of Joseph Northey. Samuel received a limited education in his native town. He began writing poetry at the early age of fourteen. He was first apprenticed to a Boston printer; later he went to New Haven, Connecticut and then to New York.

Samuel Woodworth was not happy in New York. He never seemed to attain any great literary success although he published a great number of dramatic pieces, poetry and also a romance of the War

of 1812 called "Champions of Freedom." He was editor of a weekly during the War of 1812, and later he, with George Morris, founded "The New York Mirror." His chief claim to recognition rested on one of his poems called "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Many stories have come to us concerning the occasion of the writing of the poem, but there is one that has the widest acceptance and is believed by descendants to be the true one. During the spring or summer of 1817 Samuel Woodworth, then in New York, writing home remarked to his wife, "What would I not give for a drink from the old well in Scituate." His wife suggested that it would be a good subject for a poem; and the poet, so the story goes, forthwith sat down and poured out all the longing of his soul in the now famous lyric.

The poem received much popularity, and De Witt Clinton, who was then governor of New York, gave his patronage to the volume which contained "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Anyone who reads the poem cannot but be charmed by the simple, yet delightful description of the scenes surrounding the old well. For over a hundred years it has been sung and resung and it is included in almost every collection of familiar and famous songs.

Mr. Woodworth died at the early age of fifty-seven. He had been an invalid for some time before his death. The old homestead in Greenbush is still preserved along with the famous well. The home is now owned and occupied by descendants of Samuel's half-brother. The mill and the pond and the rock so affectionately spoken of in the poem are still to be seen, and each year hundreds of tourists passing by gaze, sometimes unknowingly, at the very spots that Woodworth wrote about so beautifully.

Little did Samuel Woodworth realize on the day he composed the poem that over a century later a grateful people would adopt it for their town song. The song now belongs to everyone and is sung and loved by the whole country, and it is gratifying to feel, in this day and age of skyscrapers, stream-line locomotion and modernistic manners, that there are still people who think about and appreciate his offerings.

When we hear and enjoy the folk songs of our country and listen to the loveliness and charm of an "Old Kentucky Home" and "Swanee River" or the beauty and grandeur of "Old Man River," let us, the people of Scituate, not forget that we, too, have a song, a song as dear to the hearts of American people as any of these.

A DOG'S LIFE

Grace Reynolds, '37

On a silk cushion on a gay window seat, in an imposing bay window in a more imposing house lies Precious. And Precious, as the judges in any of the leading dog shows can tell you, is a pedigreed French poodle belonging to Mrs. A. J. F. Van Smythe. Let's take a closer look at Precious and see what he thinks about a dog's life:

"Ho hum! what a lazy day this is. I feel just miserable. That stupid cook boiled my cereal too long this morning, and overdone cereal certainly does do things to my temper. If I can't have my breakfast just right, my whole day is spoiled. Well, James will be coming in to comb me soon. That's a help. I do love to be combed. It's so soothing to my nerves. And I've heard my mistress herself say that my nerves are delicate. But then, what can you expect in a neighborhood like this? That ill-bred dog that barks all day long from across the street, for instance. There he is in the yard now. Ugh! How disgustingly dirty he is! And he's always digging for bones. Oh! Here comes my mistress. I do hope she'll pet me. Goodness knows I need a little pampering after all I've endured today. M-m-m! It's nice to snuggle down in her lap and have her call me 'mama's p'cious snow-drop!' It's so comforting to know that somebody cares about me. There! She's going away. I might have known it. Oof! She needn't drop me down on the pillow so hard. I do believe I need some exercise. I might as well run around the room a bit ——Goodness, my wind isn't as good as it might be. Only one turn around the room and I'm exhausted! Guess I'll have to take a nap. Hum ho! I certainly am tired after all that exertion."

And now we introduce you to The Dog Across the Street. Under three or four layers of dust, dirt, and tangled fur he is a strange combination of terrier, collie and spaniel. And as you might expect from this description, his name is "Pal."

"Hurray! What a wonderful morning! Makes me feel like a rousing run around the yard. Whee! I'll have to brush up on my somersaulting. I'm getting so stiff in my joints I can hardly chase my tail any more. This exercise is making me hungry, by gosh. Hope my boy's mother doesn't try to give me some of those newfangled dog biscuits for breakfast. I do hate sissy food. Le's see, I should have a coupla bones buried around here someplace. Hope my boy's father takes me on that fishin' trip with him. It's such

fun to live in the woods an' chase squirrels. There's that funny lookin' poodle in the window across th' street. Huh! what a lazy animal he is. And stuck up too. Wonder if he does anythin' but sleep an' eat. I'm kinda sleepy myself. Gee, though, I haven't done anythin' this mornin' but sleep an eat. Ho! Hum! Guess I'll crawl under the porch where it's quiet an' have a few winks. Ho! Hum! It's a dog's life but a pretty good one, at that."

A DAY IN LONDON

Betty Bartington, '35

At last that day of days had arrived when I would be able to see London, a place of dreams to me, a fairy city, a Christmas-card town of small buildings and picturesque side streets.

The train, a queer little toy but surprisingly comfortable, blew its tiny whistle at the last station, Waterloo, which finally loomed in front of my compartment window. Then out I stepped into the hurry and scurry of the station, which, like all other stations the world over, was dirty and smoky, and filled with human beings scampering like deer before the hound.

After leaving Waterloo Station, I went to Westminster Bridge which spans the historical Thames. Though it is a miniature river, it has seen more of the romance of history than almost any place of its kind in the world. From the brink of the bridge there could be seen to the left the stately and delicately-graceful Houses of Parliament, and Big Ben. The former is of light-colored stone, darkened by the elements, with many slender minarets which are adorned with intricate masonry giving an air of stability and of beauty. Big Ben smiles down upon these, with an accurate and much loved smile that has placed this time-piece among the best known buildings of the world. On the right was the Victoria embankment with the Thames' boats moored to its substantial sides, and the roads leading to the heart of London. Behind Big Ben there soared the huge tapering tower of Westminster Abbey. I was anxious to enter this famous resting place of kings, queens, and honored people of every nation.

I walked along briskly but suddenly stopped, looked down, and saw, drawn on the sidewalk, a picture of a sunset in the hills—probably in Scotland. Who could be foolish enough to leave so beautiful a piece of workmanship where it would soon be ruined by the foot-steps of hundreds of people? At last I found out that some of the poor artists of London, having attained permission from

the city authorities, use the pavements as their canvas and in this way earn what little money they can from enthusiastic tourists, like myself, or the kind English folk who so generously give their sixpences and pennies to needy ones.

Hurrying past, I started toward the north entrance of the Abbey, but I stopped to pick up two feathers that had dropped from one of the Westminster pigeons who make their homes on the crest of the massive walls. Having left the hurried people and the sunshine, I stepped into the vaulted heights of the Abbey. Prisms of light peeped through the glorious "rose window," filtered through the duskiness of the atmosphere, and scattered kaleidoscopic sunbeams on the hollowed stone floor and in the carved crevices of the walls. Many, many people were there, but not a sound could be heard above the soft chords of the organ which was playing the postlude of the morning service.

My eyes were not accustomed to the dimness of the Abbey, but soon as I, in amazement, glanced from one seemingly intangible statue to another, they all seemed to be beckoning me. I first answered the call of the poets' corner where there are monuments to Burns, Chaucer, Tennyson, Browning, Shakespeare, Dickens, and many others. But then, an old wooden gallery aroused my curiosity. Upon mounting its well-worn stairs I saw the coronation chair on which kings for hundreds of years have received their oath and crown. On this famous chair, the next king of England will be crowned. On the day of the coronation it will be moved to the altar where Princess Marina and Prince George were married recently — an alter of red velvet and intricate wood carving. Then there was the small tomb and statue of Queen Victoria—"sixty years a queen."

Having explored a few of the separate chapels, I entered the nave. The work on this portion of the Abbey was begun in 376 but was not finished entirely until 130 years later. In the center of the western end of the nave, there is a memorial to the "Unknown Warrior." In the grave is French soil; on it is a slate of black Belgian marble; by its side hangs the Congressional Medal of America; above it is the Padre's Flag, a Union Jack used at Vimy Bridge.

Having spent almost a day in this glorious shrine and not having seen half of the Abbey, I reluctantly made my way to the entrance. I left its hallowed walls with an insistent desire to return again to its quietness, solitude, and holiness.

Again in the sunshine I reflected upon the dimness of the building —the memorial—from which I had just departed. Once, those thousands buried in the Abbey were walking in the sunshine as I. They, too, had had some of their fondest dreams come true, as I had; they had made something of their lives, as I hope to do. With these thoughts and many others as my companions, I made my way around the well-trodden streets of London. It was like any city, any huge metropolis; and, probably some people who had such air-castles as I, would have been thoroughly disappointed with modern London. But every stone, every blade of withered or green grass, every particle of dust in the air spelled romance and fulfilled dreams for me.

THE CAPTURE

Joseph Curran, '36

Behind the wheel of a big sedan, going over the highway at a good rate of speed was Bill Johnson. He was captain of the Louisville College squad which had just dropped its second match of the year. He was going back to college with four of his team mates: Art Merritt, Johnny Smith, Jackie Butler and Jim Smith.

The radio in the car, which had been going full blast all the way, was suddenly cut off, and over it came a police broadcast.

"Calling all cars! Attention, please! All state and county police officers. Bank robbers shot night watchman at the Bridgewater Savings Bank. Watch all roads within a hundred miles of Bridgewater for a large black sedan, number plates 54331. Calling all cars———."

"Well, what do you think of that?" said Bill to his companions. "We'll soon be in that vicinity and we are riding in a black sedan. I hope we don't get picked up as bank robbers. What a riding the fellows would give us when we got back to college if we did."

After a few miles they came to a narrow bridge where it was possible for only one car to pass at a time. The car on the other side of the bridge stopped as if to let them go over first, but as soon as they were a quarter of the way over the bridge, the other car put on speed, stopped on the bridge, and blocked their way.

"Hey, what's the big idea?" yelled Jim.

Their headlights flashed on the other car for a second. It was a black sedan bearing the license number 54331.

Two shots were fired. Their lights went out amidst the tinkling of broken glass.

"It's the bank robbers," whispered Johnny. "What shall we do?"

"What can we do?" replied Jackie. "There are three of them and armed to the teeth."

The three men started toward their sedan armed with machine guns.

"Our only hope is to act scared so that they may leave us alone, or we can surprise them by throwing them off guard," said Bill hurriedly. "If worse comes to worse and we have a chance, Jackie and Art take the fellow on the right; I'll take the one in the middle, and Johnny take the fellow on the left. When I say 'Louisville,' it will be the signal to do the best we can. Here they come."

"Where are you going?' asked one of the bandits who had a pug nose.

"Back to college," replied Bill shakily.

"Oh, a bunch of college dudes," gruffly returned the bandit. "Hey, you, what have you got there?"

"It's a sweater I won in basketball. Please, mister, can I keep it?" meekly replied Art.

"Oh, a bunch of weak sisters playing basketball," laughed the bandit. "You little boys might get hurt playing games like that."

The robbers all laughed. These boys were scared stiff. They lowered their guns.

"Where are you coming from?" asked the fellow with the pug nose.

"Louisville," replied Art.

It was the signal. They tackled the bandits. It was over in a short while and the three bandits lay still.

A car sped towards them and stopped at the bridge. Out from it jumped four law officers.

"Good work, boys. These are the fellows we want," said one of the officers as he helped handcuff the bandits.

"Licked up and caught by a basketball team. We're a fine bunch," groaned one of the bandits.

"It's the first time I ever heard of bank robbers being caught by a basketball team," laughed one of the officers.

"We're no basketball team," said Bill. "That is what they thought. We're the college wrestling team."

"Ow," groaned one of the bandits. "Now I know that my neck is broken."

CAVALIER — American Style.

Jane Pitkins, '35

If you should happen to glance through Brady's "Photographic History of the Civil War," a striking portrait of an officer would catch your eye. You would notice the long handsome face that looks as if it had been boldly molded by some master sculptor in strong deft planes. The face is adorned with an immense spreading beard that gives its wearer a dashing piratical look, but the eyes are clear and searching. He is dressed in the Confederate cavalry jacket and wears great, soft cavalry boots. On his knee rests a rakish felt hat, garnished with a black ostrich plume. Beneath his white leather gauntlets gleams a golden sash.

The picture is of Major-General James Ewell Brown Stuart of the Confederate Cavalry, commonly called "Jeb Stewart." "Jeb Stuart"—say that to a Northern trooper of '62 and he would groan with dismay. In his mind's eye he would see a shrieking hoard of grey horsemen sweeping towards him, gleaming swords cutting and slashing. Thundering at their head would be a long-legged man on a great horse, singing and shouting with a metallic, ringing voice.

Such was Jeb Stuart, leader of the Black Horse Cavalry of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, in the thirty-fifth year of his life, with only a year or two left to live. Moving swiftly to and fro across the country with a band of ragged, fearless men at his back, striking where he was least expected, he caused a futile rubbing of hands by the bewildered Northern generals. He would lead the U. S. Cavalry on only to leave them and, when next heard of, would be miles away, plundering, destroying, and causing general havoc. In fact he was a cavalry will-o'-wisp, quick and fearless; to him war was a game and let the best man win.

After Jackson's fall at Chancellorsville, Stuart was put in charge of Jackson's troops. Placing himself at the head of the long, grey line of soldiers, he shouted, "Forward," and led the charge in person, straight at the Union breast-works. As he rode, he sang, and above the sharp crack and whine of the bullets could be heard his ringing voice—"Now, Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the wilderness?"

His men idolized him. What soldier would not love a leader who went into battle singing and was always cheerful and resourceful even in the most difficult places! They would follow him anywhere, even into that Hall of Great Warriors—Valhalla.

Around his headquarters there were never any grumbling or drooping countenances. Instead, if anyone happened to ride up there some night, he would probably come upon a group of men singing around the campfire to Joe Sweeney's banjo (Joe Sweeny was the General's official minstrel). In the midst of them would be Jeb, singing and laughing with his golden voice; or maybe, if they were near a place where there were ladies, they would be dancing. Often an aide would ride up in the midst of the gayety and whisper in the General's ear. Whereupon Jeb would smile, beckon to his men, and say, "Ladies we will be back to continue this dance after we've chased those Yanks away."

But don't think for a minute that he didn't have a serious side. He did. Beneath his gayety ran a dark prophetic strain. He had a deep-seated feeling that he would be killed before the war was over. He was deeply religious and never drank in his life. Nor would he allow his officers or men to drink around camp. On Sundays one would hear Joe Sweeny, by Jeb's orders, strumming "Rock of Ages" instead of "Buffalo gals, won't you come tonight?" When he raided, he never allowed anything to be destroyed except materials and property that could be of use to the Federals. If any soldier was caught pilfering personal property, other than horses and mules, he would be punished. Such was the hard and fast principle of Stuart.

General Stuart came of a good Virginia family and had wished to become a schoolmaster but was sent to West Point instead. For several years he served in Texas, fighting the Indians. There on the frontier he met his wife, Flora Letcher Cooke, and it took him exactly fourteen days to court and marry her, for Jeb was always a quick worker. They had nine years of married life, broken by the many vicissitudes of a military life.

The close of that career came after he had fought skillfully and gallantly at the head of his horsemen in many campaigns. Jeb had had his way with the Yanks for about two years, but at last in the winter of 1862 to 1863 the tables commenced to change. Among the Confederates, men and horses were wearing out; while in the blue ranks the cavalry had steadily grown into an excellent, efficient army. Also for some months past, a fiery little general had been busy running things up that way, Philip Henry Sheridan.

On May 12, 1864, at Yellow Tavern, Virginia, a battle was raging between Sheridan's cavalry and the Black Horse troopers. Through the dense smoke could be caught occasionally a glimpse of a

man with a plume, on a big, bay horse, wheeling here and there, encouraging his men. A blue trooper raised his gun and aimed carefully—

Jeb Stuart had played and lost the game. The bullet that found its mark brought an end to one of the most vivid examples of American gallantry. Never again will you see his like.

A WEEK AT SCITUATE HIGH

Dorothea Gillis, '35

Monday morning, bright and fair,
All the students gathered there
Waiting for the bell at nine,—
See them all fall into line.

Tuesday morning! March along,
What a happy eager throng!
To your seats now, do not lag;
Attention please; salute the flag.

Wednesday morning,—oh what fun,
Pencils sharpened, work begun,
Teachers here and teachers there,
Watch your step, now, all beware!

Thursday morning,—look who's here,
The picture man, but have no fear,
He'll make us look so sweet and fair,
No one would think we had a care.

Friday morning,—boy o boy!
This day fills our hearts with joy,
We have had our share of fun,
And our work for the week is done.

Hopeful Herbie says: "I don't care how high I go as long as one foot is on the ground."

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PROCRASTINATION

Eileen Neuhausel, '35

It is said that "procrastination is the thief of time," and time is precious—whether you believe it or not. Every minute that you waste is lost—can never be regained. Just think of it—with the future before you and a goal to accomplish, what does it profit to succumb to the idle or lazy mood which you happen to feel for the moment?

The longer you put a thing off, the harder it is to face it, and sooner or later you must face a situation whether you like it or not. If doubt, or fear, or idleness makes you put a thing off, it just means one more obstacle which you must overcome;—and overcoming it means you must first meet the situation face to face, overcome the fear or doubt which makes you waver, and rise one step higher to be prepared for the next issue in the events of life.

Self-confidence is a great factor in your scheme of progression. Very often the reason you lay a thing aside or try to push it into the future, is that you haven't the confidence in yourself that is necessary to give a plan the final boost. One writer has even said that "every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful." The conceit puts the "go" or the life in you which is necessary to send you "over the top." It's true, you can never be really successful or conquer the big opportunities until you have learned to do the things which today uncovers; and in order to do them, you need self-confidence.

"What you are tomorrow will be the result of your plans today." If you continually strive to meet the thing which is at hand, then you can put it behind you, and be prepared to meet the greater opportunities of tomorrow.

A person who is continually putting things off will develop a weak character. If you are that type of person, don't admit it—even to yourself. Rise above the belief and prove, once and for all, that when you make up your mind to accomplish something, nothing can stand in your way—not even your own thinking, which after all is really the only power that has any influence over you.

Miss Fiske—"You all know our language is called the 'Mother of Languages'. But why is this?"

Gates—"Because the father never has a chance to say anything!"

THE FOUR CLIFFS

Margaret Fallon, '38

First Cliff

"I am a cliff mighty and high,
No other cliff is as old as I.
I at the mouth of the harbor stand
With my rich green acres of solid land."

Second Cliff

"I overlook the ocean blue.
I am higher than First Cliff 'tis true.
He is older than I but smaller
So I am younger than he and taller."

Third Cliff

"My cliff is rough and very high
I almost touch the deep blue sky;
I watch the ships and clouds go past
Over the ocean deep and vast."

Fourth Cliff

"I, Fourth Cliff, am very tall
Tho' I may seem very small.
By me all the sand boats pass
And admire my green, green grass."

KARL'S ADVENTURES UNDERGROUND

Theodore Vinal, '38

Karl von Hiltzer, the eminent German scientist, stood beside his two faithful friends, Hop Lu and Tony Siscenora. Hop Lu, a Chinese of high birth, had given free use of his wealth in Karl's projects in criminology. Tony Siscenora was an erstwhile gangster, who was chief of the mob that was hired by Karl. They stood beside a wide yawning pit that went down miles into the earth. Above it straddled a queer machine, a new drill that Karl had perfected.

The reason they had been drilling the past month was that a small man about one foot and a half in height had suddenly appeared in Karl's laboratory. He told them that he had been sent by the

king of the underground people, deep in the earth, to ask Karl's aid. It seemed that there had been grotesque, cloudlike shapes floating around in the air which had told the dwarfs that if they didn't give up all their flawless diamonds (there were tons upon tons of them down there) all the people of the kingdom would be killed. Karl had promised to help rid them of these menaces. They were going to descend in a special scientific car constructed by Karl. In shape it was a square box, with retractable wheels and propellers which closely resembled those of an autogyro.

Karl said to the men, "We'd better all be getting to bed as we have to get up early tomorrow," and then added to himself, "I only hope that my old archenemy, Banger Closker, is not implicated in this."

The next day everybody was up and at work at numerous odd jobs before the sun rose. Karl, Tony, and Hop Lu ate a hearty breakfast, then jumped into the car. Karl seated himself at the controls and gave a signal to the men outside. The men pushed the car over and into the pit.

They fell for nearly five minutes before the welcome whirr of the electric motors rotated the huge propellers above them, slackening their speed. A whole hour later they landed with scarcely a bump, as a result of Karl's clever manipulation of the levers. They adjusted their metal suits which they used when under great pressure. These closely resembled diving suits, but were much improved.

As they stepped out of the car, they were welcomed by several small men. While they were talking, they heard a moaning sound in the air, and the natives disappeared behind rocks and dived into caves.

Karl ran into the car and reappeared with a queer-looking apparatus which had a cord leading back into the car. He turned a switch, and a stream of blue light appeared around one of the shapes; then one piece of the blue light streaked in a straight line right up to the other side of the cave, where a wail of pain was heard.

The three friends ran in that direction and whom did they find but Banger Closker, holding onto a small box and dancing around, yelling. Karl hit him over the head with his pistol, and he dropped like a log.

Hop Lu and Tony were mystified and wanted to know what it was all about. Karl said, "Well, when I put that circle of my special electricity around that shape, it followed the ray by which Banger was directing the movements of those clouds. Those clouds are

made up of Pollinium, a newly-discovered substance. He engineered the whole scheme and with his long-range microphone gave his ransom message to the little men. I guess he's done for now. Watch those little men go after him. They'll tear him apart."

Two days later, after exploring the underground world, they rose, the engines using the utmost power they possessed because of the load of diamonds which the little men had given them.

THE HARBOR

Rosalie Creelman, '35

When the moonbeams silver the elm trees
Where the wind sings sweetly its song,
Then the stars peep down through the stillness
As the clouds scud swiftly along.

There the soft waves lap on the pebbles,
As the sails glide silently by
T'ward the harbor lights, that are gleaming,
And the homes that peacefully lie.

The sailors gladly returning
Hear the chimes that sound on the air.
It is then that hearts are made tranquil
For a welcome awaits them there.

MARY COMES INTO HER OWN

Miriam Smith, '36

A huge yacht was fighting its way off the coast of Ireland. There was a terrible storm raging, the wind howled, the lightning flashed and the rain came down in torrents. Huge waves swept over the deserted decks. Down in the salon a group of people were huddled together. No one saw a little girl of five creep into one of the life-boats. Suddenly there was a resounding crash and the yacht gave a lurch. Everything was in confusion. Before the life-boats could be lowered the boat began to sink. Only one little life-boat got free and floated away. The yacht had gone down — another victim of the sea.

* * * * *

A stranger suddenly coming in contact with one of the small

beaches in northern Ireland would have wondered at the groups of people standing along the beach. They were anxiously gazing out to sea. Right off the shore the dim lights of a ship could barely be seen. The vessel appeared to be in trouble. The storm was still raging but the heavy rain had turned into a drizzle. Finally the ship could no longer be seen. It had gone down. The villagers began to disperse.

Two hours later Margaret O'Malley was awakened by a loud knocking on her door. Hastily getting dressed and placing a shawl around her shoulders, she went to the door. There stood three of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara and Tim O'Donnelley. Tim carried a small girl about five years of age. The child was asleep.

"And who is the child?" Margaret asked Tim.

"She must have been aboard that ship we saw go down. She must have crept into a life-boat before it got afloat. We saw the boat about twenty minutes ago floating into shore. At first we thought that it was empty but the child was in it," explained Tim.

"Put her close to the fire and when she wakes up we will ask her some questions," said Mrs. O'Malley.

Ten minutes later the girl opened her eyes. She was a pretty child with black curly hair and big blue eyes. She was dressed in beautiful clothes, and on the little finger of her right hand she wore an odd ring wrought of gold.

"What is your name, dear?" said Mrs. O'Malley.

"Mary," the girl answered.

"And your last name?" queried Mrs. O'Malley.

But Mary didn't seem to understand. The only thing they could get her to say was Mary.

"Would you like to stay here and be Mary O'Malley, my little girl, for awhile?" she was asked.

"Yes," answered Mary.

Turning to the others, Margaret O'Malley said, "Of course we will try to find out who her people are and return her to them."

* * * * *

Eleven years had passed and no trace of Mary's people had been found. Now Mary was looked upon as a permanent member of the O'Malley family and she was liked by all the villagers.

Mary often helped her "mother," Mrs. O'Malley, with the sewing which Mrs. O'Malley did for a living. At present she was making a dress for a lady, Mrs. Van York, an American tourist who stayed at the village hotel.

One day Mrs. O'Malley said to Mary, "Oh, Mary, will you please take this dress down to Mrs. Van York and ask her if it suits her?"

"Yes," replied Mary and soon she was on her way to the hotel.

Arriving at the hotel, she was shown to Mrs. Van York's room.

Mrs. Van York, hearing her knock on the door, said, "Come in."

"Here is the dress that Mrs. O'Malley sent up," said Mary.

"Why, it's lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Van York. "Give this money to your mother and tell her it is perfect."

Suddenly her expression changed as she noticed the ring Mary wore around her neck on a chain.

"My dear," she asked, "where did you get that ring?"

"Why I've had it all my life I guess," answered Mary.

"Is Mrs. O'Malley your real mother?" Mary was asked.

"Oh no," said Mary, "I don't know who my real parents are."

Then she explained to Mrs. Van York how she had been found.

"Excuse me just a minute," said Mrs. Van York, going into another room.

Mary looked around her. On a small table were two photographs of a man and a woman. Mary thought how queer it was that the woman looked like her.

Then Mrs. Van York re-entered the room and said, "Will you and Mrs. O'Malley please come back here tonight?"

When they had returned that night, they found a strange man there—Mrs. Van York's husband. He told Mary that he was her uncle and that Mrs. Van York was her aunt. He said that her aunt had given her the ring when Mary was only four years old. A month later Mary went on an ocean trip with her parents and the boat had gone down. They had believed her dead.

Mary had at last come into her own.

Miss Colburn—"Paul Revere's ride is well known to historical Boston. Where did he ride, Dorothy?"

Dotty Anne—"I think it was at either the Marshfield or Brockton track!"

Mr. Cole—"If a man walked into a store, went over to the meat department, and walked out of the store with a shoulder, would that be robbery?"

H. Merritt—"No! Most men have two shoulders!"

THAT'S HISTORY

Madeleine Bailey, '37

Barbara repeated it again—"Civil War 1861-1865—Civil War 1861-1865. Big-chief-not-afraid died at the battle of — oh dear! Was it Gettysburg or Bull Run? I never can remember!"

All of a sudden she threw her books on the table, noiselessly pushed back her chair and stole swiftly out the back door. Down the old cart-path she ran and into the woods.

It was one of those dreary damp days when home work is most discouraging, and Barbara had gone on a strike.

She ran and ran saying over and over, "I don't care whether Big-chief-not-afraid died at the battle of Gettysburg or not."

Suddenly Barbara tripped over a twig and went headlong into one of New England's choicest briar patches, hitting her head on a stone as big as Bunker Hill Monument.

For a few minutes Barbara lay where she was, stunned. Finally she sat up, blinked, and rubbed her head.

"Whee! What a spill. Oh, you awful stone!you've made a bump as big as an egg on my forehead and—Say! you do look like Bunker Hill Monument; don't you? And what funny writing and pictures on you!"

Barbara pushed and tugged at the rock and when she had pushed it out into the path, she sat down on it to think.

"Pardon me, Miss" said a voice, awakening Barbara from her thoughts.

And Barbara turned quickly to find a perfectly huge man smiling kindly down at her. She finally swallowed her fright and said, "G-good evening, sir. Wh-hat can I do for you?"

"I'm from the Indian Reservation in Montana and I thought I would take a short cut from the station to the town hall where I must make a report, but as you see, I'm lost."

"Oooh!" exclaimed Barbara, "you're just the person I'm looking for 'cause you're an Indian!" Then she remembered that she was in her "teens" and so she stopped jumping up and down and said, "If you please, sir, could you tell me what this stone says? It looks like the way the Indians used to write."

"Why surely, Miss, I will if I can."

He studied it a moment or two and then exclaimed, "Why this is very valuable. It is a tombstone and it says:—

"Big-chief-not-afraid

Born 1843—*Died* 1863

At the battle of Gettysburg

May he rest with the Good Spirit!"

"Oh, then I was right after all and I didn't even have to look it up."

"May I have this stone for my people?" asked the big man.

The girl assented.

The next day Barbara again went to the woods and standing in front of some nice cozy briars, said, "Thank you, nice Briar Patch. I got 100 per cent in history today."

A VISIT FROM THE U. S. S. "DORSEY"

John Barry, '35

Last summer was the first time in the history of Scituate that a government destroyer has visited this small but historic town in Massachusetts Bay. Aboard this ship were more than one hundred men. There is a lot of talk about how bad sailors are, but from my own experience I can say that these boys aboard the "Dorsey" were as fine a group of gentlemen as I have ever met.

Many people are misinformed about our navy today. All the men in it have to have six months or a year of special training before they go aboard a ship. A man with a criminal record cannot even apply for entrance.

The quarter-master of the "Dorsey," Joe Lawrence, was a former Scituate boy and last summer was the first time his uncle had seen him for sixteen years.

Aboard this ship every night while it was in Scituate they had talking pictures, and an invitation was extended to the friends of the sailors. It was interesting to notice the courteous way the sailors treated the people that boarded the cruiser.

Some interesting facts about a destroyer that we learned from first-hand information are that it costs fifteen hundred dollars a day to keep it in port; they use four hundred gallons of fresh water a day; and a destroyer averages about thirty-eight knots an hour.

According to all reports the sailors enjoyed their stay in Scituate just as well as the people enjoyed entertaining them. To quote Tony, the radio operator, "Scituate may be small but it sure knows how to treat guests."

MAJESTY

Dorothy Clapp, '35

He was a charger, almost tremendous of build, with a black coat faintly mottled in gray, which shone like polished glass in the sun. Evidently he had been carefully dressed down by his owner, Stewart, for there was no dust on him, not a kink in his beautiful mane, nor a mark on his glossy hide.

This fine horse served a cowboy down in El Cajon, Mexico, a beautiful country, with splendid land on which to raise horses and cattle. But Majesty was not raised in this little Mexican town on some lonely old ranch. Indeed not! He was of desert breed. He could go days without water and live on surprisingly small clumps of dried desert grass if necessary.

"Come hyar, you," said Stewart. The horse dropped his head, snorted, and came obediently up. He was neither shy nor wild. He poked a friendly nose at Stewart and then looked at the pretty girl to whom Stewart was speaking.

"Would you like to ride him, miss?"

"Yes, and very happy am I to be able to ride him. But how shall I ever get on him, Al? His shoulders are taller than I am. What a giant of a horse! Oh, look at him—he's nosing my hand. I really believe he understood what I said. Al, did you ever see such a splendid head and such beautiful eyes? They are so dark and large and soft—and human. Oh, I am a fickle woman, for I am forgetting my 'White Stockings'!"

"I'll gamble he'll make you forget any other horse," said Alfred. "You'll have to mount him from the porch."

Madeline led the horse to and fro first and was delighted at his gentleness. He came to her call, followed her like a dog, and rubbed his black muzzle against her.

That afternoon when Al lifted her to the back of the big roan, she felt high in the air.

"We'll have a run out on the mesa," said her brother, as he mounted a wiry little mustang. "Keep a tight rein on him, and ease up when you want him to go faster. But don't yell in his ear unless you want me to see you disappear in the horizon."

He trotted out of the yard, down by the corrals, to come out on the edge of a gray, open flat that stretched several miles to the slope of a mesa. Another girl accompanied Al and his sister. Madeline stayed behind. The leading horses broke into a gallop. They want-

ed to run, and Madeline felt with a thrill that she would hardly be able to keep Majesty from running, even if she wanted to. He sawed on the tight bridle as the others drew away, and broke from pace to gallop. Then the other girl put her horse to a run. Alfred turned and called to Madeline to come along.

"This will never do. They are running away from us," said Madeline, and she eased up on the bridle. Something happened beneath her just then; she did not know exactly what. As much as she had been on horseback in New York, she had never ridden at a running gait, which is as fast as a horse can go. So when Majesty lowered and stretched and changed the stiff jolting gallop for a wonderful smooth gliding run, it required Madeline some moments to realize what was happening. It did not take long for her to see the distance diminishing between her and her companions. Still they had got a goodly start and were far advanced. She felt the steady even rush of the wind. It amazed her to find how easily, how comfortably she kept to the saddle.

The experience was new. The one fault she had hitherto found with riding was the violent shaking up. In this instance she experienced nothing of that kind, not even a strain, no necessity to hold on with a desperate awareness of work. She felt alive. She had never before felt the wind in her face, the whip of a horse's mane, the buoyant, level spring of a running gait. It thrilled her, exhilarated her, fired her blood. Suddenly she found herself alive, throbbing; and, inspired by she knew not what, she loosened the bridle and, leaning far forward, she cried, "Oh, you splendid fellow, run!"

She heard from under her a sudden quick, clattering roar of hoofs and she swayed back with the wonderfully swift increase in Majesty's speed. The wind stung her face, howled in her ears, tore at her hair. The gray plain swept by on each side, and in front seemed to be waving toward her. In her blurred sight Florence and Al seemed to be coming back. But she saw presently, on nearer view, that Majesty was overtaking the other horses, was going to pass them; indeed he did pass them, shooting by so as almost to make them appear standing still. And he ran on, not breaking his gait till he reached the steep side of the mesa, where he slowed down and stopped.

"Glorious," exclaimed Madeline. She was all afire, and every muscle and nerve in her body tingled and quivered. She faced about and waited for her companions.

"Holy smoke! But can't he run? Did he bolt on you?"

"No, I called in his ear," replied Madeline.

"So that was it!"

"It was just great to see you. Al, she sure can ride. Oh, I'm so glad. I was a little afraid. And the horse! Isn't he grand? Can't he run!"

He surely can," said Madeline. "I wouldn't mind owning him."

At that Stewart's eyes resumed a sad far-away look. Patting his black's neck, loudly he said. "Well, old fellow, we'll be ridin' the range together from now on. Seeing how Miss Crawford likes Majesty so powerful well, I guess she can keep him. I reckon she couldn't get along without him."

He glanced at Madeline. In her eyes tears shone. She couldn't find words to thank him, but those tears had said even more to Stewart. He went off leaving Madeline with Majesty. She put her arms around the horse's powerful neck, and Stewart turned at the bottom of the hill to see them thus silhouetted in the clear sky.

IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE

Elizabeth Damon, '37

If only I were a millionaire
Oh boy! what I could do:
I'd buy myself a brand new car
And maybe a gown or two.

I'd go for a trip around the world
Seeing things that are new,—
Europe, Africa, India,
And even China, too.

I'd help all the poor little children I met
And give them toys I had bought
And if they were good I'd take them all
For a ride on my private yacht.

But I know I can't be a millionaire,
For I am not that sort.
So I'll stay at home and do my best
To be content with what I've got.

TO THE CLASS OF '35

Elizabeth Banner, '36

These past four years, gone like a dream,
You'll always hold in high esteem.
You very soon will go away
And now you wish that you could stay.
But something stronger spurs you on:
You must explore the dark unknown.
What there is in store for you
You cannot tell, you wish you knew,
But time will tell, as it's always done,
Just what is the fate of every one.
A few weeks now, we'll say "Farewell";
You'll step into a higher world,
A world of men brave, wise and strong,
Where we are sure you well belong.
And in that world you'll take your stand,
And bring prosperity to our land.
You all are glad you're through with school,
Yet a certain sadness is over all;
We'll miss you, too—we've had such fun,
But after all your work is done.
So, wherever you go and whatever you do,
We're hoping success will accompany you.

"Where's Merritt?" "Well, if the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he is skating. If it's as thin as I think it is he's swimming."

Mr. Gillespie (showing a chart) "The right leg is shorter than the left, which makes one limp. Now what would you do in a case of this kind?"

Duval—"Limp too."

R. Fortier (arguing in economics) "The evidence as submitted to the jury will certainly hang the person."

R. MacDonald—"Hang him? Why they don't hang men in this state."

R. Fortier—"Well, what do they do with them?"

R. MacDonald—"Why! They kill 'em by elocution."

. . . THE GRADUATES . . .

APPLETON, MARION — College

Interclass basketball 2 - 3, Glee Club 2 - 4, Senior Class Play.
Intended Vocation—Animal trapper in Africa.
Marion n'er has a moment to spare,
For she's powdering her nose or combing her hair.

❖ ❖

BANGS, DONALD — Scientific

Basketball 4.
Intended Vocation—Mechanical Engineer.
Never a groan, never a sigh,
He's what we call a regular guy.

❖ ❖

BARRY, JOHN — Scientific

Glee Club 1 - 4, Vice-President 1, Secretary 3, Football 3 - 4, Basketball Manager 4, Senior Class Play 4, "Chimes" Staff 3, President of A. A. 4.
Intended Vocation—Auditor.
Everyone knows he'd walk a mile,
To get a tip 'bout the last minute style.

❖ ❖

BARTINGTON, BETTY — College

Vice-President 3, Hockey Team 2 - 3, Dramatic Contest 4, Interclass Basketball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Sec.-Treas. of Girls' Glee Club 4, Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, "Chimes" Staff 4.
Intended Vocation—Kindergarten Teacher.
A famous person some day she'll be,
And she'll know her line from A to Z.

❖ ❖

BRESNAHAN, JEANNE — Commercial

Hockey 1, Glee Club 1, Orchestra 1 - 2, Assistant Business Manager of "Chimes" 3, Business Manager of "Chimes" 4, Class Basketball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4.
Intended Vocation—Stenographer.
Whether she travels or stays at home,
Her feet will always itch to roam.

❖ ❖

CLAPP, DOROTHY — Commercial

Interclass Basketball 1 - 2 - 3, Basketball 4, Baseball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Hockey 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Glee Club 1, Orchestra 1 - 2 - 3.
Intended Vocation—Secretary to Veterinarian.
Although she's just a little mite,
She sure can beat you in a fight.

❖ ❖

COGSWELL, LAURA — Commercial

Interclass Basketball 2 - 3.
Intended Vocation—Secretary.
Laura is peaceful and very sedate,
She doesn't believe in staying out late.

❖ ❖

COGSWELL, WALTER — General

Interclass Basketball 1 - 2, Senior Class Play 4.
Intended Vocation—Pharmacist.
Walter an "attorney-at-law" will be,
Mark my words, just you wait and see.

. . . THE GRADUATES . . .

COLE, ELLIOT — College

Vice-President 2, Basketball 2 - 3 - 4, Football 3 - 4, Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Orchestra 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Class Play 4, "Chimes" Staff 3.
Intended Vocation—Lawyer.
If you see a head towering up above all,
You'll know that it's Elliott exploring the hall.

❖ ❖

CONNOLLY, CHARLES — Scientific

Baseball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Basketball 4, Football 4, Glee Club 1 - 2.
Intended Vocation—Chemist.
When Charles makes a shot on the basketball floor,
Just look at the blackboard and notice the score.

❖ ❖

CREELMAN, ROSALIE — College

Glee Club 1 - 2 - 4, Orchestra 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Hockey Manager 4, Basketball 3, Interclass Basketball 1 - 2 - 4, Secretary of A. A. 1, Dramatic Contest 4, Class Play 4, "Chimes" 4, Secretary of Class 1, Vice-President of Glee Club 4.
Rosalie's popular in any place,
Intended Vocation—Interior Decorator.
She holds her own in any case.

❖ ❖

DOLAN, LOIS — Commercial

Glee Club 1, Baseball 1 - 2.
Intended Vocation—Nurse.
Lois is great for rolling her eyes
Which makes them seem most twice their size.

❖ ❖

ENOS, MARGARET — College

Glee Club 4, Interclass Basketball 2 - 3 - 4.
Intended Vocation—Psychiatrist.
Margaret's a genius of lesser renown,
Always a smile and never a frown.

❖ ❖

FINNIE, ALDEN — Commercial

Track 1, Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3, Basketball 3, Class Play 4.
Intended Vocation—Mechanic.
Alden is happy, even he will agree—
When Lawson's tower strikes One! Two! Three!

❖ ❖

FISHWICK, HORACE — General

Track 1, Baseball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Basketball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Football 4, President Democracy Class 3, Class Play 4, Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3 - 4.
Intended Vocation—Aeronautical Engineer.
Horace's time is very well spent;
I bet some day he'll be president.

❖ ❖

FITTS, JULIA — College

Glee Club 2 - 3 - 4, Interclass Basketball 4.
Intended Vocation—School Teacher.
Through preparation everything she'll meet,
No one can ever say she would cheat.

. . . THE GRADUATES . . .

GILLIS, DOROTHEA — Commercial

Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3 - 4.
Intended Vocation—Reporter.
From morning on through all the day
She's always crooning her blues away.

❖ ❖

HARRIGAN, THOMAS — General

Glee Club 2, Class Play 4.
Intended Vocation—Radio Engineer.
Much of the good, a bit of the bad—
Are all twisted up in this one little lad.

❖ ❖

HYLAND, MILDRED — Commercial

Interclass Basketball 2 - 3 - 4, Baseball 3 - 4.
Intended Vocation—Stenographer.
Millie is certainly chic and gay,
And while the sun shines, she makes hay!

❖ ❖

HENRY, EILEEN — General

Transferred from Roxbury Memorial High School.
Intended Vocation—Designer.
She's always on hand and willing to do,
Whatever is asked of her by you.

❖ ❖

JACOBUCCI, JULIUS — General

Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Class Play 4, Baseball 3, Football Manager 3.
Intended Vocation—Store Keeper.
Whenever there's something important to do,
Just call on Julius, he'll see it through.

❖ ❖

JONES, PRISCILLA — Commercial

Hockey 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Glee Club 2 - 3, Baseball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Dramatic Contest 4, Basketball Manager 4, "Chimes" Staff 1 - 4, Interclass Basketball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Property Manager Class Play 4, Captain of Girls' Hockey Team 4.
Intended Vocation—Nurse.
She's sort of cute and very sweet,
Her way just takes men off their feet.

❖ ❖

KNOX, PRISCILLA — Commercial

Glee Club 2 - 3.
Intended Vocation—Stenographer.
Priscilla's one who seldom frowns,
But still she has her ups and downs.

❖ ❖

LaVOINE, ALICE — Commercial

Secretary 4, President Girls' Glee Club 4, Hockey 4, Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Interclass Basketball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, "Chimes" 4.
Intended Vocation—Commercial Artist.
When Alice to womanhood has grown—
You'll find she'll always hold her own.

. . . THE GRADUATES . . .

LaVOINE, JOSEPH — Commercial

Baseball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Football 1 - 2 - 3, Glee Club 1.
Intended Vocation—Typist.
On the football field he is supreme,
But, in study hall, he's lost in a dream.

❖ ❖

LINCOLN, ISAIAH — Scientific

Glee Club 3 - 4, Orchestra 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Football 4, Stage Manager for Class Play 4.
Intended Vocation—Plumber.
"Been on an errand" his chief alibi,
His certain something always gets by.

❖ ❖

LONERGAN, KATHRYN — Commercial

Class Basketball 1 - 2, Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3.
Intended Vocation—Reporter.
If there's laughing or a nearby shout—
Then you can tell that Kay's about.

❖ ❖

McCLEARY, LOIS — College

Glee Club 2 - 3 - 4, Basketball 3 - 4, Hockey 3.
Intended Vocation—Personnel Worker.
Wherever you go—it doesn't matter,
You're bound to hear Lois's chater.

❖ ❖

McLEAN, JOSEPH — Scientific

Football 4, Baseball Manager 4.
Intended Vocation—Forester.
A pipe in his mouth is always seen,
That little boy called "Joe McLean."

❖ ❖

MERRITT, HERBERT — General

Football 2 - 3 - 4, Baseball 2 - 3 - 4, Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, President of Glee Club 4, "Chimes" 4, Class Play 4, Interclass Basketball 4, Orchestra 1.
Intended Vocation—Golf Professional.
In baseball Herbie's what we call "Whiff King,"
But when he connects, just hear that ball sing.

❖ ❖

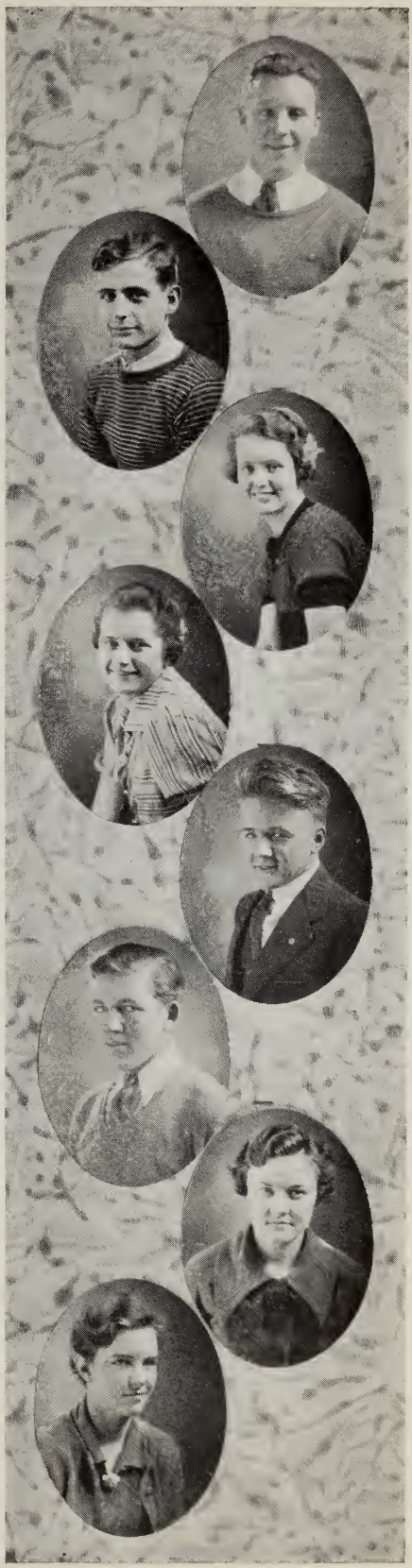
NEUHAUSEL, EILEEN — College

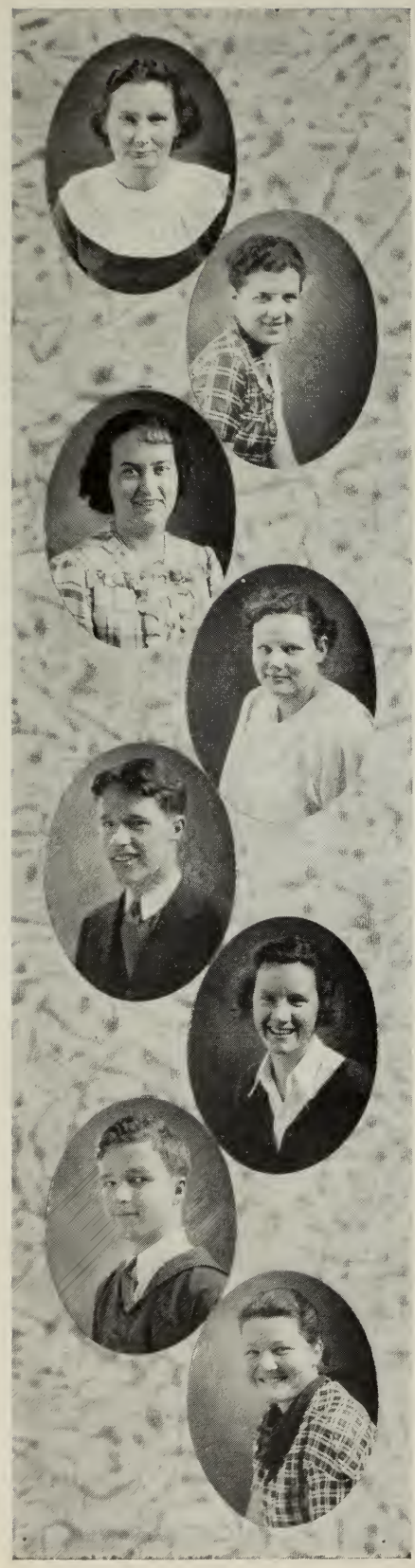
Glee Club 1, Basketball 2 - 3 - 4.
Intended Vocation—Buyer.
On the basketball floor she always plays fair,
You should see that basketball glide through the air.

❖ ❖

PITKIN, JANE — College

Hockey 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Interclass Basketball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Class Play 4.
Intended Vocation—Artist.
Jane certainly can beat all by a mile—
With her pearl white teeth and sunny smile.





. . . THE GRADUATES . . .

POWERS, RUTH — Commercial

Interclass Basketball 1 - 2 - 3.
Intended Vocation—Secretary.
She's very quiet and sorta shy
She lets all gossip pass her by.

❖ ❖

REID, ELEANOR — Commercial

Glee Club 4, Interclass Basketball 4. Transferred from Hyde Park High School.
Intended Vocation—Nurse.
Eleanor's pleasing from head to toes,
She carries sunshine wherever she goes.

❖ ❖

RIANI, ROSE — Commercial

Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Baseball 1 - 2, Christmas Pageant 4.
Intended Vocation—Stenographer.
Rosie certainly does get scared,
If her lessons aren't prepared.

❖ ❖

SHEA, KATHRYN — General

Glee Club 2.
Intended Vocation—Nurse.
She's always right in her decision,
With her clear, far-sighted vision.

❖ ❖

STEVERMAN, WILLIAM — General

Baseball 2 - 3 - 4, Basketball 2 - 3 - 4, Baseball 4.
Intended Vocation—Big League Baseball player.
Bill can be good, and mischievous too,
His speeches are words of a chosen few.

❖ ❖

STEWART, ALICE — College

Basketball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Hockey 1, Assistant Manager Hockey 4, Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Class Play 4, Assistant Editor of "Chimes" 4.
Intended Vocation—Teacher of English.
When an argument comes up 'tis said—
She'll have her way 'cause her hair is red.

❖ ❖

STONE, JOHN — Commercial

Class Treasurer 3 - 4, Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Orchestra 1 - 2 - 3 - 4.
Intended Vocation—Teacher of Accounting.
Jack's a thrifty, economical lad,
"Dragging out class dues," his latest fad.

❖ ❖

STONEFIELD, EVELYN — Commercial

Hockey 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Basketball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Baseball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Class Treasurer 2, Vice-President Class 4, "Chimes" Athletic Editor 4, Captain Basketball Team 4.
Intended Vocation—Secretary.
Evie's a lover of sports you'll agree,
An instructor in gym I'm sure she'll be.

. . . THE GRADUATES . . .

STONEFIELD, RUTH — General

Class President 1, Basketball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Hockey 1 - 2, Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3, Property Manager Class Play 4.

Intended Vocation—Nurse.

You never can tell what she'll say or do,
If it isn't "Aw grow up," it's just something new.

❖ ❖

STUDLEY, ERVING — General

Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Orchestra 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Football 2 - 3 - 4, Class Basketball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, Dramatic Contest 4, Baseball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4.

Intended Vocation—Musician.

Red's crazy notions far exceed—
The one's Joe Penner used to read.

❖ ❖

WESTERHOFF, PAULINE — Commercial

Hockey 1, Interclass Basketball 1 - 2 - 3 - 4.

Intended Vocation—Interior Decorator.

Pauline's nose will never shine
Long's she holds first place in that make-up line.

❖ ❖

WILDER, GILMAN — Scientific

Class Treasurer 1, Secretary 2, Vice-President A. A. 2, Football 3 - 4, President of Class 3 - 4, "Chimes" 3 - 4, Orchestra 1 - 2 - 3, Class Play 4, Glee Club 2 - 3 - 4, Interclass Basketball 2 - 3 - 4.

Intended Vocation—Aviator.

In our class meeting the law will he make,
For a fine class president he "takes the cake."

❖ ❖

WHEELER, FLORENCE — Commercial

Glee Club 1 - 2 - 3.

Intended Vocation—Nurse.

Flossie used to be very quiet,
But, now she loves to raise a riot.

❖ ❖

WOODWARD, RUTH — Commercial

Transferred from Watertown Senior High School.

Intended Vocation—Dietitian.

Ruth is a small and demure little lass
And, is she a whizz in our typewriting class?

❖ ❖

ZUCKER, RAYMOND — General

Dramatic Contest 4, Baseball 4. Transferred from Medford High School.

Intended Vocation—Aeronautical Engineer.

Ray'll never be held for committing a sin,
'Cause he'll just wiggle out with his good-natured grin.

~ September ~

At the beginning of the year we were very glad to welcome to our school nine new pupils: Virginia and Raymond Zucker, Catherine Jackson, Blanche Freeman, Margaret Long, Frances Mura, Joseph McLean, Ruth Woodward, Eileen Henry and Lucille Pike. Ten members of the Class of 1934 returned to resume their studies as post-graduates. They were Ruth Spear, Marion Yenetchi, Dorothy Studley, Virginia Walsh, Virginia Vines, June Hendrickson, Gertrude Reynolds, Ronald Shone, Rosemary and Virginia Fortier.

We were glad to welcome to our teaching staff Mr. Nels Sanberg, manual training teacher, and Miss Adelaide Colburn, teacher of history, problems of American democracy and freshman English.

The elections of class officers was as follows: Seniors: president, Gilman Wilder; vice-president, Evelyn Stonefield; secretary, Alice LaVoine; treasurer, John Stone; class adviser, Miss Dudley. Juniors: president, Henry Duval; vice-president, William Hendrickson; treasurer, Richard MacDonald; secretary, Virginia Stevens; class adviser, Mr. Sanberg. Sophomores: president, Virginia Young; vice-president, Lloyd Murray; treasurer, Grace Reynolds; secretary, William MacAlpine; class adviser, Mr. Stewart. Freshmen: president, Robert Ewell; vice-president, George Dwyer; treasurer, William Sexton; secretary, Arthur Damon; class adviser, Miss Colburn.

The captain-elect of the football team was Herbert Merritt and the manager, Joseph Queeney.

Rosalie Creelman was elected manager and Priscilla Jones, captain of the girls' hockey team.

The following officers of the Athletic Association were elected: president, John Barry; vice-president, Virginia Young; secretary, William Sexton; treasurer, Miss Dudley.

~ October ~

The Senior Class received their class rings.

~ November ~

On November 9, the Senior High school joined with the Junior High in celebration of a very fine Armistice Day program. The Red Cross was represented by Mrs. Foye Murphy; and Commander William Bartlett, Mr. Stacy Bearce, and Mr. Albert Leighton represented the American Legion.

The Senior Class sponsored a benefit motion picture show at the Satuit Play House.

~ December ~

We were honored by having Miss Anna Foley, head of the Plymouth County Health Association, speak to us concerning the sale of Christmas seals. The "little red house" which appeared on the seal was first used as a tuberculosis sanitarium by Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau at Saranac Lake in 1885. A miniature of the "Little Red," constructed by the manual training department, was on display in the window of The Brockton Gas Company.

The Senior High School presented "Christmas Everywhere," a pageant, during a Christmas program.

The football team was given a banquet at Hugo's. Speeches were made by the coach, guests and members of the team.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, Priscilla Jones was chosen manager of the girls' basketball team, and Julius Jaccobucci was chosen manager of the boys' team. Evelyn Stonefield was elected captain of her team.

~ January ~

The Sophomore manual training class with Mr. Sanberg visited Wentworth Institute.

On January 11, Frank Buckley of the University of Minnesota gave a demonstration of good wrestling for the boys.

Because of a severe storm, no school was held on January 24 and 25.

~ February ~

On February 2, John E. Hines, well-known reader, gave "Rip Van Winkle." Mr. Hines' presentation was greatly appreciated by the students.

The Glider Club held a Dramatic Contest in which all four classes of Senior High School participated. Prizes of $50. and $25. were awarded.

~ March ~

The Post-graduates and Seniors attended the Town Meeting.

On March 29 a group of French students attended a French talking picture held at Loring Hall, Hingham. The picture was sponsored by the French departments of Hingham High School and Derby Academy, and the Hingham Parent-Teacher Association. The picture, "L' Ami Fritz," was enjoyed by all who attended.

"You Can Do Anything," a book presented to the High School by Karl Haartz, an alumnus, in memory of Selwyn Chipman, is greatly appreciated by the students and teachers. We thank Mr. Haartz for his thoughtfulness.

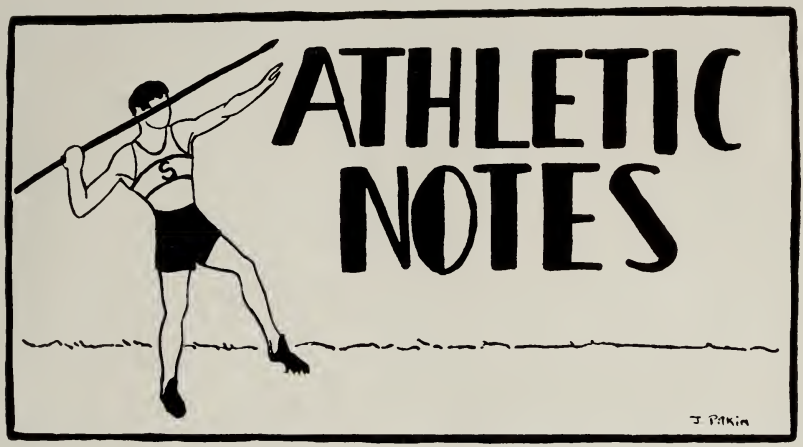
~ April ~

"The Mountain," the Senior Class play, was presented April 4. Practically all the members of the class took part.

The Sophomores gave a Sport Dance on April 26, attended only by members of the High School.

The date for the Junior Prom was selected as May 3.

Priscilla Jones, '35 William Hendrickson,'36
James Steverman, 37 Joan Breen,'38



GIRLS' ATHLETIC NEWS

Evelyn Stonefield, '35

The girls' hockey team had a successful season this year. Their most notable victory was the defeat of Hingham, who, before this, had had a record of not being defeated for six consecutive years.

The scores for the hockey season were as follows:

Scituate 0	Plymouth 2	Scituate 0	Hingham 4
Scituate 2	Hingham 1	Scituate 2	Hanover 0
Scituate 3	Hanover 0	Scituate 1	Marshfield 1
Scituate 0	Marshfield 0		

The second team played a game with Derby Academy in Hingham but was defeated by a score of 2-1.

The girls who received their hockey letters are as follows:—Capt. P. Jones, R. Byron, J. Pitkin, V. Stevens, D. Clapp, V. Young, J. Breen, A. Lavoine, R. Servant, P. Shone, E. Stonefield, and Mgr. R. Creelman.

The girls' basketball team, under the coaching of Miss Whidden and the efficient management of Priscilla Jones, also had a very successful season.

Although the girls lost some of the best players last year, they gained many new ones who proved to be very good and seem to indicate a fine group of players for next year's team.

The result of the basketball season was as follows:—

Scituate 44	Pembroke 7	Scituate 33	Duxbury 16
Scituate 21	Marshfield 38	Scituate 34	Pembroke 10
Scituate 30	Norwell 28	Scituate 31	Duxbury 11
Scituate 35	Norwell 25	Scituate 23	Marshfield 22

1934

S.H.S.
1935

As shown by the scores, the Scituate girls lost but one league game, which makes them tie with Marshfield for the South Shore Interscholastic League Championship.

The girls who received their basketball letters are as follows:— Capt. E. Stonefield, V. Young, R. Stonefield, A. Stewart, E. Neuhausel, L. McCleary, M. Soule, D. Clapp, V. Stevens, and Mgr. P. Jones.

The baseball season is now about to open, and with plenty of old and new material, we hope to have as interesting a season as we had last year.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Herbert Merritt, '35

FOOTBALL

Meeting one of the hardest schedules ever arranged at Scituate High, the team played very good football. Many regulars were lost by graduation, last year, but their places were filled by very capable freshmen and sophomores. The best game of the season was on Thanksgiving Day when Scituate held the strong Marshfield team to a tie. The Hanover game, which ended in a tie, might also be mentioned. Much credit must be given Coach Stewart for the development of the team. The outlook for next year is very promising. Robert Francis, an able halfback, is captain-elect. The lettermen are as follows: J. Barry, A. MacAlpine, J. LaVoine, D. Queeney, Mgr., J. McLean, G. Wilder, R. Francis, E. Cole, H. Fishwick, H. Merritt, W. Steverman, C. Connolly, H. Walsh, J. Dwyer, H. Duval, W. Hendrickson, and E. Studley.

The scores were as follows:

*Scituate 0	Bridgewater 14	Scituate 0	Kingston 6
*Scituate 0	Middleboro 6	Scituate 6	Franklin 24
*Scituate 0	Alumni 0	Scituate 6	Foxboro 32
Scituate 6	Hanover 6	*Scituate 7	Marshfield 7

* Home games.

BASKETBALL

The Scituate High basketball team had a very successful season. Under the able coaching of Mr. Stewart the team won five games, losing four. A very good season is expected next year. The lettermen were W. Steverman, H. Fishwick, E. Cole, C. Connolly, D. Bangs, J. Steverman, R. MacDonald and J. Jacobucci, manager.

The scores were as follows:

*Scituate 22	Pembroke 17	Scituate 26	Duxbury 25
Scituate 11	Marshfield 28	Scituate 15	Pembroke 16
Scituate 15	Norwell 34	*Scituate 26	Duxbury 15
*Scituate 20	Norwell 15	*Scituate 19	Marshfield 25
'Scituate 26	Alumni 13		

* Home games.

BASEBALL

Baseball started April 1. Many players were lost by graduation but it is expected that their places will be capably filled. The lettermen returning are J. LaVoine, W. Steverman, E. Studley, C. Connolly, and H. Merritt.

Himes: "Want to buy my bicycle? A bicycle won't eat its head off, and you can ride around your farm on it."

J. Steverman: "I'd rather put the money into a cow."

Himes: "You'd look foolish riding a cow on the farm."

J. Steverman: "No more foolish perhaps than I would milking a bicycle."

The outstanding dramatic event of this year was the Senior Class play. The title "The Mountain" suggests life, love and feuds set in the big hills of the "Kentuckys." It was a play quite different in type from any previously presented in this school. The success of its production was largely due to the coach, Miss Nancy H. Fisk.

The scene was set in Breathitt County, Kentucky, the home of the Holstons and the location of the Circuit Court.

The play consisted of four acts, which were full of excitement and interest till the last curtain.

The participants were as follows:

"Mammy" Goodson ..... Rosalie Creelman
Sally Holston ..... Jane Pitkin
Molly McIntyre ..... Marion Appleton
Tom Holston ..... Horace Fishwick
Zeke Holston ..... Elliott Cole
Lon Bracken ..... Alden Finnie
Jim McIntyre ..... Jack Barry
Nick Godwin ..... Gilman Wilder
Joe Wilks ..... Herbert Merritt
Samantha McIntyre ..... Alice Stewart
Thad Barker ..... Julius Jacobucci
Wes Stevens ..... Walter Cogswell

Jurymen: Laura Cogswell, Lois Dolan, Donald Bangs, Charles Connolly, Catherine Lonergan, Mildred Hyland, Rose Riani, Raymond Zucker, Joseph McLean, Florence Wheeler

Mountain Spectators: Joseph LaVoine, Erving Studley, William Steverman, Julia Fitts, Margaret Enos, Alice LaVoine, Eileen Henry, Dorothea Gillis, Eleanor Reid, Dorothy Clapp, Thomas Harrigan, Ruth Powers.

The scenery was constructed and set up by the manual training department and was painted by members of the senior class under the direction of Miss Barbara Coleman and Mrs. Doris Ward. Music between the acts was supplied by the High School orchestra under the direction of Miss Jeanne Bradford.

The property managers of the play were Priscilla Jones and Ruth Stonefield.

Isaiah Lincoln was the stage manager. Mr. Arnold Weeks was in charge of lighting effects.

Another outstanding dramatic event of the season was a prize play contest held on February 14 under the auspices of the South Shore Glider Club. The rules of the contest limited the plays to one act, not exceeding thirty minutes.

The winning play, entitled "Not Quite Such a Goose," was directed by Miss Bessie Dudley and presented by members of the Senior Class.

The Cast:

Mrs. Bell ..... Betty Bartington
Sylvia ..... Rosalie Creelman
Albert ..... Raymond Zucker
Hazel Henderson ..... Priscilla Jones
Phillip Flick ..... Erving Studley

The second prize was won by the Sophomores, directed by Miss Dorothy Studley. The title was "A First Day of School," and the cast was as follows:

Teacher ..... Madeleine Bailey
Mrs. Hawkins ..... Esther Spear
Henry Hawkins ..... Jack Morton
Mrs. Wilcox ..... Grace Reynolds
Johnny Wilcox ..... James Steverman
Mrs. Porter ..... Peggy Soule
Tommy Porter ..... Lawrence Gates
Mrs. Simpson ..... Lucille Pike
Tilly Simpson ..... Margaret Huntley
Milly Simpson ..... Elizabeth Damon
Annie Tibbets ..... Mary Cahir
Sarah Jenkins ..... Edith Damon
Peter Jenkins ..... John Sexton
Rosy Jenkins ..... Pauline Fitts
Joshua Jenkins ..... John White

Olie Nelson ..... William MacAlpine
Caleb Boggs ..... John Vinal
Mrs. Gunn ..... Doris Simmons
Cora Gunn ..... Virginia Young

The Freshman Class under the direction of Miss Adelaide Colburn presented a play entitled "Sauce for The Goslings," with the following cast:

Mother ..... Mary Whittaker
Daughter ..... Helen Manning
Grandmother ..... Joan Breen
Maid ..... Dorothy Hardcastle
Father ..... William Sexton
Son ..... Nelson Kindlund
Son's friend ..... John Driscoll

A play called "Last Tag" was given by the Junior Class and was directed by Miss Spear and Miss Vines. The cast was as follows:

Lolly Blaisdell ..... Katherine Flaherty
Eve Hammond ..... Marion Macomber
Robert Blaisdell ..... Richard MacDonald
Mr. Hammond ..... James Hands
Isadore ..... Henry Duval

Raymond Zucker, '35, Dramatic Editor

Miss Litchfield—"Does anyone know what a honeymoon sandwich is?"

Fishwick—"Lettuce alone."

Lady—"Boy, I want AA milk this morning."

LaVoine—"Sorry, Lady, we're all out of that kind of stoppers today, but we'll have them tomorrow."

Wilder—"Jonesie. Com'ere a minute."

Priscilla—"Whatsa matter?"

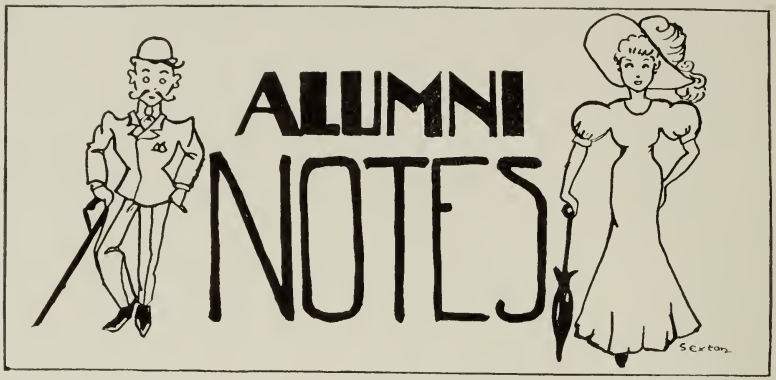
Wilder—"Oh, I just wanted an inspiration for a joke."

Miss Dudley—"Isaiah, what is the rule for the use of i and e?"

Link: "Make them both look alike and put the dot between them."

Miss Bradford: "We'll now turn to the first song in the book."

Julie: "What page is it on?"



Class of 1934

Harriet Poland is attending Simmons College.

Betty Eason is taking extension courses at Radcliffe.

Doris Overland is taking courses at Boston University.

Lester Gates is attending Brown University. He plays in the Brown University Band, one of the finest in the East.

Edith Russell is taking a course at the Remington-Rand School of Business.

Garrison Hall is enrolled at Harvard University.

Carol Vollmer is a student at the State Teachers' College, Bridgewater.

Anne Brophy is taking a course at the Bryant-Stratton Business School.

Loraine Abbott has completed a course at the Burroughs School of Business Administration.

Jackson Bailey is attending the Franklin Union Technical School of Boston.

Thomas Curran has a position in the North Scituate A & P store.

Harold Toomey is working on the Steamship Eastern Crown.

Virginia Walsh has recently accepted a position with the Massachusetts Bond and Insurance Company.

The following are taking post-graduate courses at Scituate High School:

June Hendrickson, Gertrude Reynolds, Ronald Shone, Ruth Spear, Marion Yenetchi, Dorothy Studley and Virginia Vines.

Class of 1933

Mary Sweeney is attending the Sargent School of Physical Education.

Marguerite McCaffrey and Virginia Bonney are enrolled at Simmons.

Helen Spear holds a position at the Greenbush Post-office.

Paul Young is a bookkeeper at Whittaker's Garage.

Paul Bresnahan is working for his father.

Virginia Fortier is taking a post-graduate course.

Dorothy Merrill is training for nursing at the State Hospital in Mattapan.

Leola Taylor holds a position in the tailor shop at the Harbor.

Alan Webster is a radio repair man.

Churchill Webster is in Florida.

Libero Bongarzone is married.

Class of 1932

Charles Coleman is a student at Oberlin University, Iowa.

Edna Glynn holds a position at Guay's Bakery in Quincy.

John Lonergan is employed in the Boston Herald News Company.

Carleton Merritt is working for his father.

Stanley Murphy is attending Springfield College.

Donald Parsons is a student at Harvard.

Burchill Sweeney is enrolled at Boston College.

Hollis Young is working for his father.

Robert Breen is employed by his father.

Maynard Huntley is taking a course at Wentworth Institute.

John Jakubens is employed by his father.

Virginia Vines, '34, Alumni Editor.

Science Note

The Manual Training Department in co-ordination with the Laboratory Force have made a great contribution to science, the Roach Exterminator. There are two blocks of wood, one above the other. Place the roach on the block below, rap sharply with upper block and if the result does not prove fatal to the roach, your money will be refunded. Nearest agent: Gil Wilder.

Steverman the barber: "Your hair is getting very gray, sir."

Cogswell: "I'm not surprised. Hurry up."

Lincoln: "Seven years ago I landed in this town with only one dollar, but that dollar gave me a start."

Mr. Gillespie: "You must have invested it very profitably."

Link: "I did. I telegraphed home for money."

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